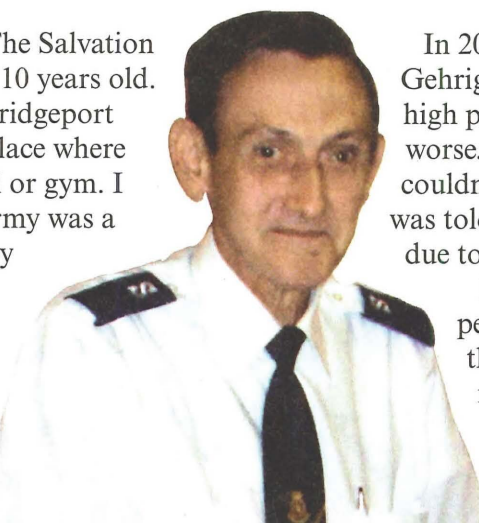


The Third Army Contact Was The Charm

Persistence Paid Off

My first experience with The Salvation Army came when I was 10 years old. We had a corps in the Bridgeport area of Chicago. It was the only place where we had access to a swimming pool or gym. I had no idea that The Salvation Army was a church. We just went there to enjoy sports, games and holiday parties.

Many years later, I enlisted in the Air Force and while in basic training I contracted spinal meningitis. I was hospitalized for about three months and then sent home on a 30 day convalescent leave.



Daniel Hollywood



Unfortunately, I was only given a one way ticket home. I had been brought up Catholic and thought I could get assistance from Catholic Charities—but no luck. Then I tried the Red Cross, with the same result. My Alderman suggested The Salvation Army. I called and was directed to the downtown office along with a copy of my leave papers and medical discharge papers. The Salvation Army provided a first class ticket on United Airlines! I asked how I could pay this back. They told me not to worry about it!

In 2001 I was diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's Disease. For six months I was on a high protein diet, but continued to feel worse. My vision had gotten so bad that I couldn't read or even see the television. I was told that this was macular degeneration due to the disease.

I started drinking heavily and in desperation got on my knees and prayed that if this was the way God wanted me to live, so be it. But if He had a different course for me to give me a sign.

God put people in my life to help me with my physical problems. He also guided me toward His plan for

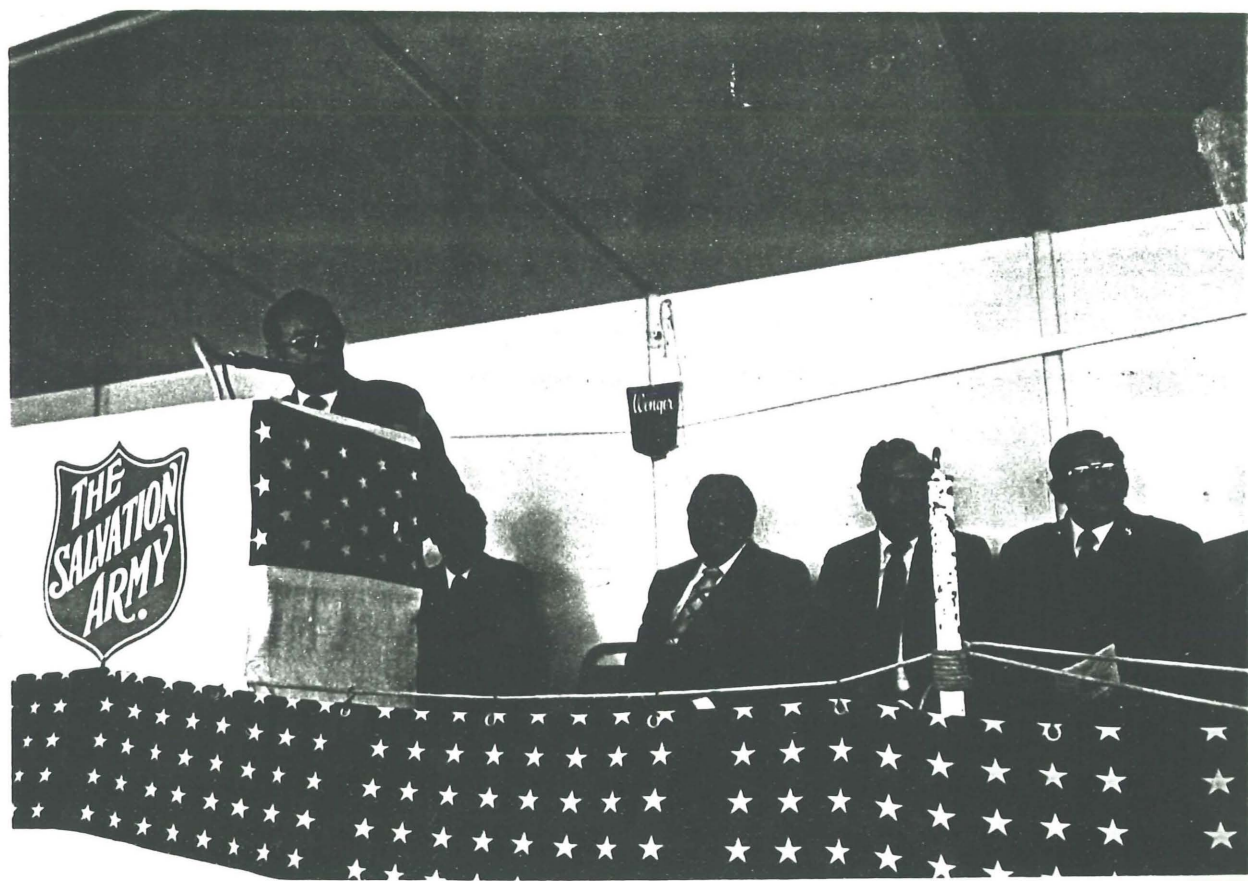
my spiritual sight. With help, I was admitted to the VA hospital. There I was officially diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's Disease and macular degeneration. I received laser eye surgery on my retina. And after many tests, scans and hospital visits I was told that my Lou Gehrig's Disease was gone! My physical sight was restored and my spiritual sight was becoming clearer. God was preparing me for His work.

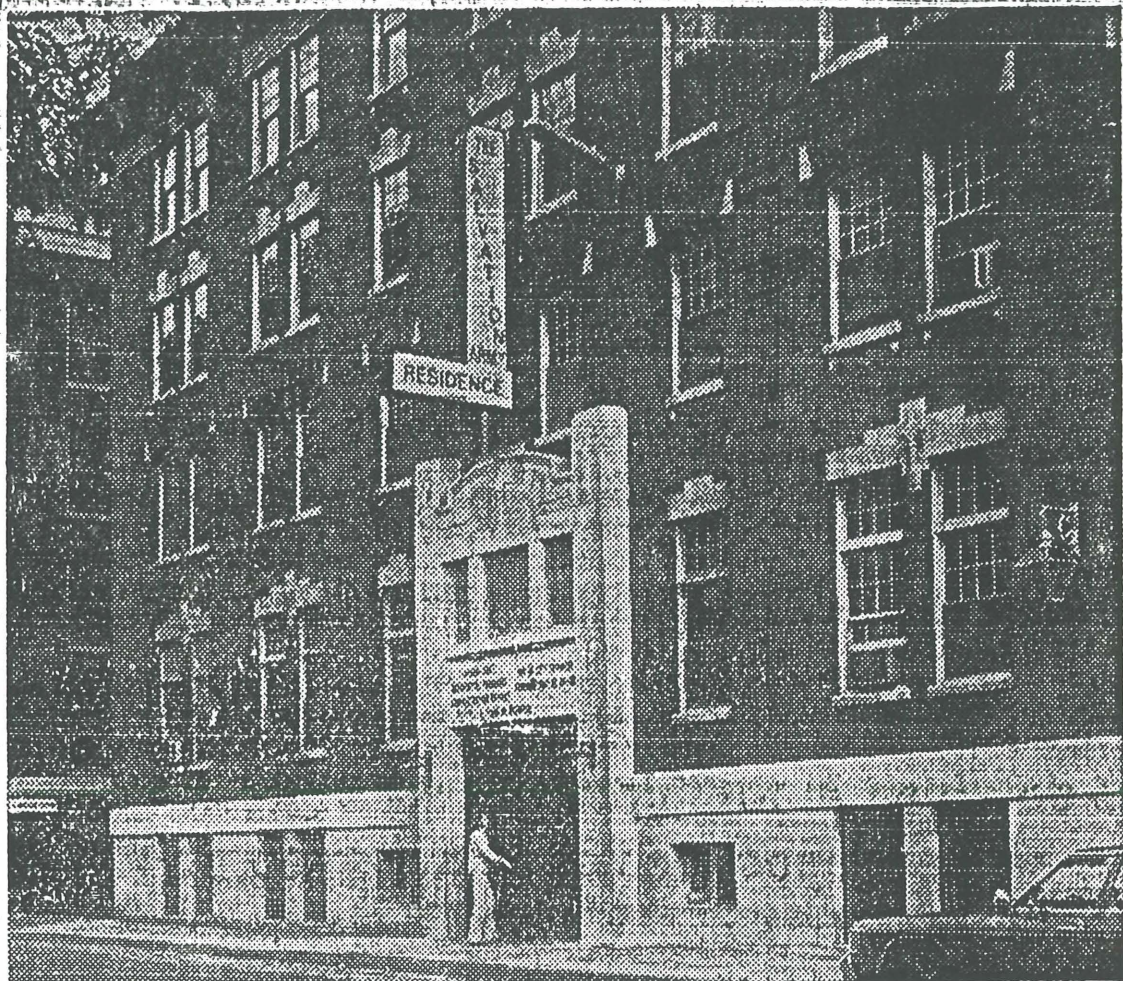
Out of work and grieving over my mother's recent death, I was still drinking. God was not done with me though. In 2003, He arranged for me to go to detox and from there to the Salvation Army Adult Rehabilitation Center (ARC) where I met Chaplain Jackson.

Work at the ARC was hard but rewarding. I was assigned to Chaplain Jerome Jackson. He was God's greatest gift to me. With his counseling and direction, he brought me back to the Lord.

I became an employee at the Adult Rehabilitation ARC, first in bookkeeping, then as a driver. In April 2004, I became an Adherent in The Salvation Army, after which I was transferred to the Harbor Light. The following year, I became a soldier. I have been teaching Sunday school since June, 2005. I also visit hospitals and nursing homes. As Assistant Chaplain, I work with Chaplains Gary Sapper and Major Mike Vogler. We do Twelve-Step meetings and spiritual assessments for the new men in "Intake." I have been truly blessed by The Salvation Army and heartily thank them for returning me to my life with Christ.

Daniel Hollywood is a soldier at the Chicago Harbor Light Corps.





A variety of facilities are housed in the newly dedicated Salvation Army Headquarters at 1515 W. Monroe. (Daily News Photo/Don Bierman)

Daley uses 'pressure' -- with plug for testing

By Marge McElheny

Mayor Richard J. Daley took time out from dedication of the Salvation Army's Freedom Center to get in a plug for blood pressure tests — a favorite theme of his.

Referring to the stroke he suffered two years ago, the mayor urged the crowd gathered outside the center at 1515 W. Monroe Monday "to get your blood pressure tested."

"Fifty per cent of people with high blood pressure don't know they have it," Daley

DALEY ALSO praised the Salvation Army, which bought the facility, formerly the Duncan YMCA, and remodeled it. The Freedom Center is one of the world's largest Salvation Army centers for human services and will house about 500 persons when all remodeling is finished.

The new facilities will house the needs of Harbor Light Center and the former Salvation Army Mission at 654 W. Madison.

going through treatment together.

An adjoining building at 105 S. Ashland will include facilities for treatment of abused children, runaways, a halfway house for men just out of prison and an intake center for alcoholics.

The facility also will include a clinic and medical facilities; emergency feeding and overnight lodging; a recreation area with a gym, swimming



Members of the men's vocal group of the Chicago Harbor Light Corps. Capt. Tom Crocker, C.O., and B. R. Houts, leader, are seated, center.

Indiana Musicians Have Third Annual Council

• INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Musicians of this state had their innings recently when groups from 11 corps convened in Indianapolis for the Division's third annual Band and Songster Council and festival.

Held at the Athenaeum Auditorium, all sessions were conducted under the supervision of Lt.-Col. Herbert Pugmire, Divisional Commander.

Appearing as guest speaker and conductor was 2nd-Lieut. Bernard Smith, Territorial Music Director.

Approximately 400 musicians participated in the evening festival, at which Lt.-Col. Pugmire presided.

This program was preceded by a parade at 6 P.M. and a council-clinic at 2 P.M.

At the latter, the Territorial Music Director conducted a demonstration of teaching methods with the assistance of the Divisional Band.

During the festival the Divisional Band, led by Capt. A. Kelly, played "Heroes of the Combat," "Testimony and Praise" and "The Fight of Faith."

The Indianapolis No. 1 Songsters sang "Hark, 'Tis the Master's Call" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The Evansville Band played "Autumn Gold," and the string band from that corps was heard in "My Home."

The march, "Lincoln Y. P.," was played by the Shelbyville Band, and the song, "My Sins Are Blotted Out," was rendered by the Kokomo Junior Songsters.

The Kokomo Senior Band played "War Songs No. 2" and "Rejoicing." The Senior Songsters from that corps sang "Going Afar" and "Steal Away."

"America, the Beautiful" and "Light of Day," were the numbers presented by the Indianapolis No. 1 Band. The bandsmen from Bedford played a group of hymn tunes.

The Richmond Band was heard in the numbers "On to Victory" and "Calcutta." Major P. Huebner furnished a novelty number with guitar, harmonica and piano.

Before the Kokomo Junior

Missing Persons

ERICKSEN, JACOB (earlier JACOB BERG): Born July 7, 1892, in Oslo, Norway. Parents: Serina and Ludvig Berg. His mother came to the U.S.A. in 1904 and married Otto Erikson. He took the stepfather's name. He wrote to relatives in Norway, March 30, 1930, informing them of his mother's death. It is understood that he is married and has four children. In 1927 he was a farmer by occupation. Cousin is anxious inquirer. 726/G

JOHNSON, CHARLES (Karl Johan JOHANSEN): Born April 25, 1879, in Oslo, Norway. Father: Hans Johansen. Last heard from in 1910 from 2316 W. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. Son is anxious inquirer. 728/G

KNOLL FAMILY—WILHEIM (WILLIAM): William, born at Sommersdorf, Kreis, Demmin. Used to own a farm near Chicago. He has two sons. Relative in Germany inquires. 729/G

LUCYGA, EMMANUEL: Is 49 years of age. Is American citizen and of German descent. Last heard from in 1939 from 1203 N. Barlow Ave., Chicago, at which time he worked in a drug store. Father's name: Franz Lucyga. Aged mother is anxious inquirer. 731/G



Band played "Every Promise," the String Band from Frankfort rendered "What a Friend."

The Evansville Songsters sang "Make Me a Blessing," after Carolyn Hall from Kokomo had played the cornet solo, "Russian Fantasy." The Marion Band played "Princethorpe."

The Warsaw Band played the march, "A Firm Foundation," after which the New Albany Songsters sang "Climbing up the Golden Stairs."

A quartet of Divisional bandsmen sang the number, "The Army Drum," followed by the march, "Fighting Soldiers," as played by the Lafayette Band.

On the 31-item program, number 27 was a united band selection, "To God Be all the Glory," led by 2nd-Lieut. Smith.

The united songsters sang, "A Song of Peace," midway on the program.

Comdt. S. Furman (R) Answers Heavenly Call

• LAWRENCE, Mass.—The funeral service for Comdt. Samuel Furman (R), father of Sr.-Major George Furman of Peoria, Ill., was conducted in this city three days following his promotion to Glory. Burial was in the Forest Hills Cemetery in Boston.

Sr.-Major Ernest Marshall, brother of Commissioner N. S. Marshall, Central Territorial Commander, officiated.

Comdt. Furman, who died at the age of 84 years, passed to his Eternal reward from his home in nearby Methuen, Mass.

A native of London, England, he trained for officership under the Army's Founder, William Booth, and after three years of field appointments in Scotland came to America. That was in 1893.

During his 31 years of service in America, Comdt. Furman commanded 17 corps in the Eastern Territory.

He entered retirement in 1924.

He is survived by a daughter, Major Evangeline Furman, and two sons, Major George and Frank.

LUND, DOROTHY: Age 23, dark brown hair, grey eyes, heavy-set, weighs about 295 lbs., fair skin and red cheeks; 5'11" tall. Last known address was Western Hotel, S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Worried mother anxious to locate her daughter. 618/G



KITTLESON, HOWARD CHARLES: Is 38 years of age; 5'9" tall; weight, about 125 lbs. Light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and wears glasses. He has been missing from his home at 4247A Sarpy Ave., St. Louis, Mo., since Sept. 15, 1948. When last seen was wearing brown trousers, light gray shirt and brown shoes. Social Security No. 487-26-4560. He may be suffering from amnesia. Wife is anxious inquirer. 741/G

JORGENSEN, NIELS JANUS HAROLD: Born at Lime, Den-



Albert William Godfrey of Streator, Ill., who was promoted to Glory recently. Albert was the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Godfrey, soldiers of the Streator, Ill., Corps.

mark, May 17, 1891. Emigrated to U.S.A. in 1913 and was last heard from in 1914 from Clear Lake, Ia. He was a farmer by occupation. Daughter is anxious inquirer. 710/G

GEORGE, MRS. J. P. (nee ANNA S. EGGEN): Born at Lom, Norway, April 20, 1885. Parents: Eldrig and Syver Eggen. Last heard from in 1933 from Winamac, Ind. Her husband, J. P. George, was a school teacher at that time. Sister is anxious inquirer. 711/G

PETERSEN, HANS MARTIN: Born in Egebjerg, Denmark, Sept. 18, 1899, and emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1921. Last heard from in 1941 from 1514 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Brother is anxious to get in touch with him regarding the death of his mother. 714/G

NILSEN, OLIVIOUS: Born at Lenvik, Norway, in 1900. Parents: Ollianne Katrine and Nils Andreas Nilsen. Last heard from in 1928 when he was working somewhere in North America. Brother is anxious inquirer. 715/G

SMEBY, GUSTAV and ALF: GUSTAV was born in Kansas City, Mo., about 1888. Parents: Marie and K. H. Smey. The parents were last heard from about 50 years ago from Kansas City, Mo. The family later moved to Chicago where the father had a music store. Cousin is anxious inquirer. 718/G

ADAMS RELATIVES: Mary and William Adams: father and mother of Bill, Edward, Michael and Rose. Last known address in 1918. 3839 Lake St., Chicago. 717/G

1949 Evangelistic Crusade

ANNOUNCING an "all-out" effort by Salvationists of the Middle West to declare the redeeming Gospel of Jesus Christ with even greater zeal during 1949.

Prepare your hearts, your minds and your spirits for active participation in this great evangelistic crusade. Earnest, believing prayer for the souls of the unsaved, serious self-examination and quiet meditation on the promises of God as revealed in His Word, as well as enthusiastic, front-line spiritual fighting, will insure the success of this Kingdom-advancing effort.

Watch "The War Cry" for complete details of this Salvationist advance for 1949.

war cry Dec 11 1948

Sobriety Club dines

Old 'Y' a place of new hope

By James A. Jackson

THE OLD BRICK BUILDING at 1515 W. Monroe St. was once filled with the shouts of youngsters at play. Some of its rooms closeted youths in study and youths creating dreams in wood and clay.

It was then the Duncan YMCA.

Monday night it was filled with men, young and old, with shattered hopes and all but forgotten dreams. It is now the Salvation Army's Harbor Light Center, a facility for the socially disoriented and alcoholics.

Monday night some 200 members of

the army's Fellowship Sobriety Club gathered to feast on roast beef, peas, baked potatoes, coleslaw and apple pie. Liquid refreshment consisted of coffee, tea or milk.

CLUB MEMBERS were from 25 to 60 years old and many had been in the alcoholic treatment program more than 10 years. Some had been in it only a few months.

"It's turned me around and changed my way of living," said Robert Scott, who came into the program in 1961. "Before that time, I was both an alcoholic and a dope addict and there seemed to be little help for me."

Scott said the program has helped him become a "rank and file blue-collar worker with a purpose in life."

David Hulder, 25, who has been in the program four months, said he walked into the old Light House Center at 654 W. Madison St. and took a turn into a new life.

Hulder said he was always a loner and credited the sobriety program for giving him a greater sense of self worth and the ability to work with others.

"I was a drunkard and obese. I'm not a drunkard anymore and I'm working on the rest," he said.

Everyone was cold sober

Harbor Light happy hour

By Dave Canfield

Scores of ex-drunks toasted each other's health Monday night. And afterward they all felt pretty good about it.

But there was not a drop of wine nor a single cocktail.

It was the Salvation Army Harbor Light Center's annual fellowship sobriety dinner, and the men toasted each other for having licked their drinking problems.

The men all pointed to the

help they had received from other people in overcoming their problems. They all praised the Salvation Army center, which awarded them certificates for "Christian living and sobriety."

"I LIKE the fellowship with this thing here," John B. Reeves, 42, a former jockey, said of the center's rehabilitation program for alcoholics like himself.

"Get involved with people," was the succinct advice of Howard Holmes, 50, who was transportation manager for a large corporation before "my drinking got in the way."

And Robert Scott, 43, a truck driver, talked about "the help I've gotten from other people" in licking his drinking problem. "I couldn't have done it by myself."

It is involvement with and

the fellowship of other people that helps a man keep from feeling sorry for himself, the Salvation Army preaches.

REEVES SAID he spent a lot of time feeling sorry for himself after an accident Sept. 30, 1960, at Bay Meadows racetrack in San Mateo County, Calif.

A horse fell on Reeves that day, ending his racing career.

He suffered a chipped spinal cord and had to wear a brace on his back for about two years while he was paralyzed from the waist down.

To make matters worse, he had not been just an ordinary jockey before that day. "I was up there with (Willie) Shoemaker and (Johnny) Longden and some of the best of them. I was not quite as good as they were, but I had plenty of mounts."

Both Reeves and Holmes now are Salvation Army soldiers. Holmes works in the office of the center at 1515 W. Monroe, and Reeves is a helper on food-supply trucks for the center and its legions of alcoholic rehabilitants.

Salvation Army

By AL WEISMAN.
North American Newspaper Alliance.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 8.—The short, portly figure in the tight-fitting Salvation Army uniform standing on the raised platform at one end of the brightly painted hall raised his head high, pounded a thick palm against the pulpit and thundered:

"Friends, I know what I'm talking about when I say there is hope for every one of you. Yes, sir, I know only too well what it is to sink as low as it is possible for a man to sink. And I'm not standing here telling you I know of this through books or by any second-hand means. I mean through actual experience! Yes, men I'm telling you right here, face to face, that I was in the gutter once, down and out, no good to anyone."

The speaker paused dramatically at this point, to permit his startling statement to sink into the minds of the 100 disheveled, ill kempt and unshaven men he was addressing in the Salvation Army's Harbor Light building in the heart of Chicago's Skid Row.

EX-SLAVE TO BOOZE.

The frank remarks produced an immediate reaction. Most of the men had been dozing. Suddenly they came alive. Here and there nodding heads lifted. The restless coughing stopped. Eyes dulled by alcohol, dope and sleeplessness brightened with interest.

"Men, I was a slave of booze and dope once," cried the speaker, his voice rising with evangelical ardor. "Yes, even a criminal. I was considered a hopeless and incurable case. The only thing I could hope for was courage to kill myself. That was nine years ago."

"Then, suddenly, I found Jesus! He saved me! No one else! And He'll do it for you, too, if you'll just come forward and tell Him your story like I did!"

As the vibrant voice continued to plead, "Come forward, men," the derelicts in the audience exchanged bewildered glances. This was something new on Chicago's skid row—not like the preachers whom the men had seen before. Their glances seemed to say that this was a different kind of a soul saver at the Salvation Army. This guy talked like he knew the score.

PRAY WITH SPEAKER.

One bedraggled man sitting near the front rose, stumbled up the aisle and dropped to his knees before the long, thin plank serving as an altar. He began to pray with the speaker. Soon another man did the same. Within a few minutes they were coming up in twos and threes. Altogether, fourteen went "forward" that morning to pray, eager to tell their stories and possibly find salvation and hope.

The Salvation Army colonel and major standing on the sidelines smiled happily, like theatrical producers who had just witnessed the debut of a new star. This was the kind of reaction they were hoping for among the estimated 30,000 homeless men on Chicago's skid row. They recently had brought Capt. Tom Crocker down from Detroit, where he had converted 10,000 in seven years while in charge of the Bowery corps, where he himself had been a drunk.

back of the harbor light auditorium. He had just finished talking with each of the fourteen men personally and he seemed a bit confident as he added, "I don't think it's going to be as tough here as they say, though they tell me the skid row here is probably the worst in the country."

'STORY WORKS PRETTY WELL.'

"Do I tell my story all the time? Most of the time, I guess. It seems to work pretty well with the men. They know what I'm talking about, particularly when I go into more detail on how I was saved."

"They know what I mean when I say I woke up that night—Oct. 7, 1929—in a park in downtown Detroit. I had the jimmies, the D. T.'s, in the worst way. I was seeing and hearing things that weren't there. I could hardly move my legs, but I needed food so badly I decided to try and get over to the Salvation Army Bowery corps place."

"I staggered over and got inside some way. I sat down. Someone was speaking. I couldn't even make out what he looked like, let alone what he was saying. All I knew was that I hoped he'd finish soon so I could get a bowl of soup. That was all I could think of."

"Then, suddenly, I don't know how or why, I sort of came to and heard this man say something about coming forward and being saved. I just got up and staggered up the aisle, fell down in front of this man, looked up and kind of sneered, 'Do you think your Jesus could save me?'"

"He answered, 'Give Him a chance.'"

"I began to cry and told my story to Jesus that night. Later they put me to bed in the dormitory of the Bowery corps. I had the heebie-jeebies again that night."

GAVE UP CIGARETS.

"I stayed in bed a couple of days and finally it became sort of peaceful. I was able to sleep again, eat regularly—and think again. From that time I haven't touched booze or drugs, and shortly after I gave up cigars."

He paused a moment and grinned. "But I'm touching plenty of food," patting his paunch. He turned serious again and added, "You can explain it however you want, but to me it is a great miracle."

Just how hopeless Crocker was considered at the time of his conversion and perhaps just how extraordinary his reformation was may be judged from a letter he likes to exhibit to skeptics. It was written by Dr. Frank W. Stafford of Detroit on Oct. 30, 1940, and addressed "To Whom It May Concern." In this note, the doctor says he had known Crocker for twenty years and in that time "have seen him lose one good position after another through drink and narcotics."

The physician went on to say he had hospitalized Crocker no less than ten times, had given him countless cures; but, finally, "his friends and I gave him up as a hopeless and incurable case. As I see him now, I can't believe it is the same man. He says it is the power of God—and who am I to doubt it? I only know that after

The smile faded from Crocker's moon-shaped face as he studied the letter and reflected upon the misery of those pre-Salvation Army days. He started life in Detroit, one of five children in a middle-income family. When he was 17, his father died and Tom had to quit school to go to work. Shortly afterward he joined the navy and during World war I, served as a member of the crew of a naval convoy, escorting cargo and troop ships across the Atlantic.

After his discharge, he got into politics and became a court clerk.

"And then I began to drink—a little at first and then heavily," recalled Crocker. "I had a good Christian mother, but I refused to listen to her as she tried to persuade me to give up drink."

The craving for drink cost Crocker one job after another in Detroit courts. Even his political connections were of little use when he'd disappear for days or show up for work drunk.

"I was at that point, you know, where I had to have that drink in the morning and the night cap at night or I couldn't get through," he muttered unhappily.

Crocker was put in so many jails, hospitals and clinics that he lost count. At one sanitarium, which he entered voluntarily and at his own expense, he was given morphine, which, he said, "only served to send me farther down the road to the devil."

Cures? "I was given every possible cure, including the dreaded 'Japanese cure,'" he said. (That consisted of having his body subjected to artificial heat, which produced terrible blisters, from which serum was extracted and injected into his body.)

But the variety of cures, the treatment at the sanitarium and pleas of relatives and friends all failed. Finally, he was placed in an insane asylum, where he stayed for almost a year before gaining his release.

"But I had gotten used to morphine by that time," he said. "I found it did more for me than booze. When I was released from the asylum, I began using morphine a great deal, forging checks in order to get it. I managed to get a job as another court clerk—the morphine having helped me attain some stability at the same time."

"Then one day the judge of the court called me in, said the man standing along side him was a doctor and ordered me to roll up my shirt sleeve. The pin pricks in my arm were enough. I was out. Well, after that I just sort of drifted, drinking canned heat, rubbing alcohol or vanilla extract, using morphine whenever I had the money to buy it. It was then I was saved by the Salvation Army."

The Salvation Army probably has had no more faithful convert than Crocker. He did odd jobs around Detroit's Bowery corps headquar-

ters for a while, rose swiftly to "testify" whenever the occasion demanded and eventually became an officer in the army. He devoted all his time to working with alcoholics, organized the converts club and was so successful at winning converts that the army wisely decided to depart from customary practice and allowed Crocker to study via the correspondence school method instead of sending him away to school.

The captain rewarded the faith of his superiors with a list of 10,000 "recovered souls" and a record of having obtained 28,883 jobs for reformed alcoholics in seven years.

"It's much easier to save a man from drink if you have the room to nurse and feed him for a while and the facilities to find him a job," says the colonel, as he explains that the Harbor Light quarters here soon will have such facilities.



Representatives of 134 men who received certificate awards of sobriety are Robert Scott and Gordon Turski. Presenting certificates is Phyllis K. Snyder. Looking on are James B. Conlisk Jr., John East Jr. and Commissioner J. Clyde Cox.

Sobriety Awards Given at Harbor Light Annual

CHICAGO (Harbor Light), Ill.— Sobriety awards ranging from 3 months to 20 years were presented to 134 men at the Harbor Light center here at the recent men's fellowship annual dinner.

Commissioner J. Clyde Cox, Central territorial commander, addressed the 350 men and their families and friends.

The center offers a complete program for the rehabilitation of alcoholics under the direction of Brigadier Roland Quinn.

Phyllis K. Snyder, executive director of the Chicago Alcoholic Treatment Center, made the awards.

Other special guests were James B. Conlisk Jr., superintendent of the Chicago Police Department, representing Mayor Daley, and the Rev. Arthur Griffin, chairman of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago. □

Break the Bottle Rally

by Robert Bonesteel

Several hundred residents and alumni of the Chicago Harbor Light Center participated in the annual "Break the Bottle Rally." This yearly event commemorates sobriety and is a highlight for scores of men testifying to the possibility of victory over the power of alcohol and substance abuse. In testimony of their struggle with/victory over addiction, the men engaged in the traditional breaking of numerous liquor bottles into a container positioned in front of the chapel.

On hand for the rally was former Chicago Bulls basketball player Bob Love. Before Michael Jordan, Love held all of the Bulls' scoring records. Love brought words of encouragement and personal challenge.

Envoy Richard McDonald and Mr. Ken Krause were awarded the Tom Crocker Award. This award is

presented annually to alumni of Harbor Light whose lives exhibit inspiration for fellow recovering alcoholics.

The award is named for Tom Crocker, who responded to the gospel one evening at the Detroit Bowery Corps in October 1939. He pleaded with God to save him, was delivered and eventually became "Captain Tom," assistant commander of the Detroit Harbor Light Center. Crocker was later known as the miracle worker of skid row and for his untiring work among the men, was named "Chicagoan of the Year for 1951." In April 1952, he received The Salvation Army's highest award, "The Order of the Founder." Crocker was largely responsible for the tradition and high standard of effective, caring service for which the Chicago Harbor Light Corps is known.



(l. to r.) Lt. Colonel Gary Herndon, Metropolitan divisional commander, presented the Tom Crocker Award; Envoy Richard McDonald, manager single room occupancy at the Tom Seay Center; Kenneth Krause, administrative assistant at Chicago Harbor Light Center; Captain Ron Bonia, Director of Chicago Harbor Light Center.



C.S.M. Walter McClintock thanks Clifford Hagedorn for seven color TV sets donated to Harbor Light Center by Chicago Metropolitan Area Service Unit Council as Edward Lowcock, Greater Chicago public relations director, looks on



CHICAGO, Ill.—Brigadier Roland Quinn, director of the Harbor Light Center here, is congratulated by John East, chairman of the center's fellowship club, and Sergeant-Major Walter McClintock for his recognition award for services on the Chicago Committee on Criminal Justice. The award was presented to the brigadier by Mayor Richard J. Daley in a public ceremony.

"Break the Bottle" Celebration Marks Harbor Light Centennial

National Commander, Commissioner Andrew S. Miller, officiated at the annual "Break the Bottle" Rally held in Chicago's Harbor Light Center. This year's activities celebrated the center's 100th year of service in the community.

Commissioner Miller's participation was in recognition of his contribution to the advancement of the Harbor Light program. During his administration as commander for Chicagoland, Commissioner Miller was responsible for the acquisition of Freedom Center, the multi-service facility of which the Harbor Light is the largest program.

Begun as a skid row mission in 1888, Harbor Light has evolved into one of the nation's most sophisticated programs serving the homeless man with substance abuse problems. Last year 1253 such men received medical, housing, nutrition, and rehabilitation service from the Army.

The Harbor Light opened its famous "lighthouse" facility on West Madison in 1946 under the direction of Captain Tom Crocker. During his administration the Harbor Light gained wide attention when Captain Tom was awarded the Chicago Tribune's "Chicagoan of the Year" Award.

Current Metropolitan Divisional Commander, Lt. Colonel Gary L. Herndon reflects, "Looking back over a hundred years of service of a program like the Harbor Light is a humbling experience. We can point to thousands of men the Army has helped save from back alley death. It has also been a part of restoring them to health, family, productivity and sobriety. One



can only be awestruck by the dedication of people like Captain Tom Crocker and most recently, Envoy

Walter McClintock, Harbor Light Administrator for the past 15 years. God bless them!"

Alcoholics say, 'Here I can make it'

By Kenan Heise

KERMIT: My two brothers were killed in Viet Nam in 1964 and 1965. One was in the Marines and the other in the army. They were each killed on their birthday. That's when I left home. I thought drinking helped. One day I found myself on Skid Row. I was there for six months.

I got myself together and went back home and got myself a job in the morgue at Michael Reese Hospital and worked there 10 years. They brought in a little 3-year-old girl who was killed in an automobile accident. After that, I started drinking more and more and finally quit the job. I thought that was better than getting fired.

This time, I was on Skid Row for three years. The hardest thing there is not getting stabbed or jackrolled—just staying alive. I seen it happen a lot of times.

One day, my father found me there, lying on the street. He had to deliver a package in the area. He'd been looking a long time, but he hardly recognized me. He said, "That's my boy." He picked me up and carried me away.

I woke up and I was home. My dad said, "We're going to get you some help."

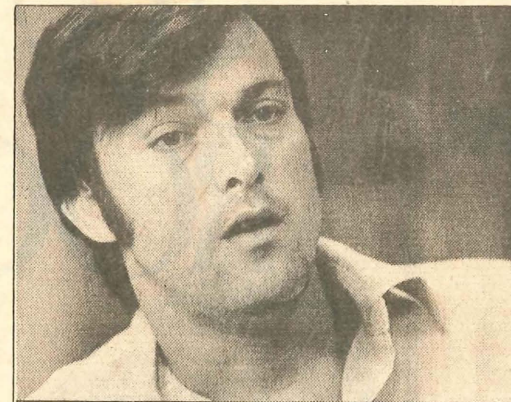
"I don't need no help," I told him, but I started to thinking, "Yeah, I do." My family brought me here.

At first I didn't think I'd stick. I was in the IRU. It was hard and I wanted to leave. But something told me, "Here I can make it."

If you come here and you want to change your life, this is the best place. They have good counselors and people who care about you. But if you don't help yourself, there ain't nobody going to help you.

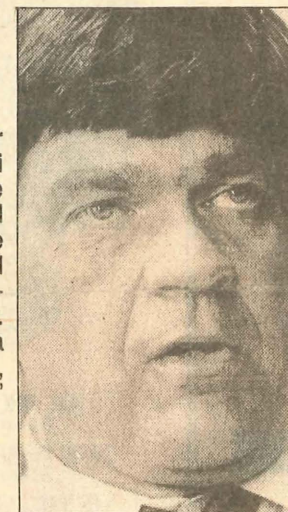
THOMAS: I was born on the Great Lakes Naval Training Base. I been on the streets since I was 11. I started drinking when I was 13 and was an alcoholic by the time I was 15. I have 11 brothers and sisters. Eight of us are alcoholics.

I been married three years and we have a small daughter. I couldn't get a job because of my prison record and I stayed home with the baby while my wife worked. I said I'd give up drinking when the baby was born. Then, I said I'd never drink around her. Then, I said I might drink around her, but she'd never see me drunk. But, I did that too. I told myself that my having had such a hard life was my really good reason for drinking. Alcoholics are pretty good liars, especially to themselves.



Thomas Ferguson

"I started drinking when I was 13 and was an alcoholic by the time I was 15."



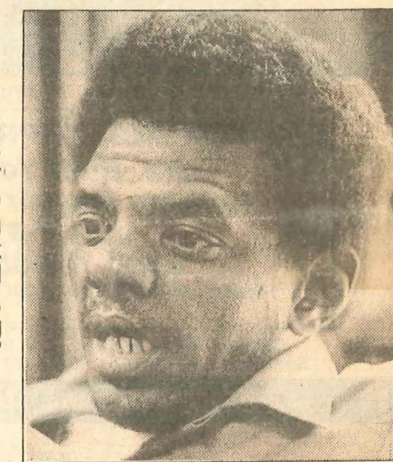
Ronald Vander Kooi

"When they were tearing down Skid Row, we were deeply concerned about an alternative living situation. I felt we needed a halfway community, only bigger."



Walter McClintock

"The intensive program we have is basically tender loving care. We stress that the men are worth something. They have lost all structure in their lives."



Kermit Hunt

"This time I was on Skid Row for three years. The hardest thing there is not getting stabbed or jackrolled, just staying alive."

Dialogue

On the street, they call staying at the Salvation Army Harbor Light Center, 1515 W. Monroe St., "going on program." It is seen as an alternative to drinking binges or sleeping on the street or in an alley, long known as "carrying the banner." Times have changed in the last decade in Chicago. Gone is the infamous Madison Street Skid Row, with its bars and flophouses and beds separated by chicken wire. The old Harbor Light Center at 654 W. Madison St., with its well-known model lighthouse on the facade was vacated seven years ago and torn down this year. The Salvation Army took over the Monroe Street Duncan YMCA and renovated the structure, which now houses 260 of the city's homeless men. The "program" there includes a bed, meals, a couple of

meetings a week, job opportunities, and dental and medical care. For some hard-core alcoholics, there is a special 30-day program called the Intensive Rehabilitation Unit [IRU]. Today's dialogue is with four men associated with it.

The people

KERMIT HUNT, formerly an alcoholic on Skid Row, has spent three years at the Harbor Light residence.

THOMAS FERGUSON is in the intensive alcoholic rehabilitation program.

RONALD VANDER KOOI, Harbor Light Center program director, did his doctoral dissertation on the homeless of Skid Row.

WALTER McCLINTOCK, who holds the rank of envoy in the Salvation Army, came to Harbor Light as an alcoholic 20 years ago and is now its executive director.

I can't go back to my family until I know I can handle it. The other programs send you right back into the environment where you had the problem. This one doesn't. Through a staff member, I have located a residential center for alcoholics in my home state and a possible job.

RONALD: The causes of homelessness on Skid Row are as

much with us as ever. They are broken families, alcoholism and unemployment. The Harbor Light is now as much a residence for street-corner people as for Skid Row residents. When they were tearing down Skid Row, we were deeply concerned about an alternative living situation. I felt we needed a half-way community, only bigger. At this center, we have it.

WALTER: The intensive program we have is basically tender loving care. We stress that the men are worth something. They have lost all structure in their lives. We practically have to give them a new structure. Most of them have been through practically every alcoholic program in the city before they go through this one. We have 20 beds in IRU and there is a waiting list.



LEFT, CHICAGO, ILL.—Captain Clarence Harvey points to altar lined with bottles during first 'Break the Bottle Rally, held at the Harbor Light Center. RIGHT, partial view of the 300 men who attended the rally.

The WAR CRY for November 18, 1972

Broken Whiskey Bottles Indicate Determination

CHICAGO, ILL.—Several whiskey bottles were broken by individuals who had overcome their drinking problems at the Army's Harbor Light Center.

The ceremony was part of the first annual "Break the Bottle Rally." Led by Lt.-Colonel Andrew

Miller, it dramatized the determination and sincerity of the 300 men in attendance.

Each man who had regained sobriety gave a testimony and broke a whiskey bottle to indicate his willingness to kick the habit.

Other features of the program included song and music, witnessing, prayer and an address by Major Ralph Miller, Eastern Penn-

sylvania and Delaware divisional secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nearly 1,200 people thrilled to the ministry of Major Miller on a weekend that began with a united meeting at the North Park College.

A united soldiers' banquet and rally was held for Northern Illinois Salvationists, led by Brigadier Walter Kennedy, divisional officer.

Major Miller spoke at two Chicago corps on Sunday. □



CHICAGO, ILL.—Major Ralph Miller and Brigadier Walter Kennedy hold can at first 'Break the Bottle Rally.' Smiling approval are Captain Clarence Harvey (center) and Lt.-Colonel Andrew Miller (second from right).

Central War Cry Dec. 31, 1949 -

Chicago. Judge Joseph Hermes, honored with dinner, by Chicago Harbor Light converts.

CHICAGO On the evening of November 26, it was my privilege to preside at a most unique gathering. A number of converts from Chicago's Skid Row gave a dinner in honor of Judge Joseph Hermes, who, instead of sentencing them to prison, had handed them over to Captain Tom Crocker. The testimonies of many of these men stirred the hearts of the city and state officials who were present. These included: Mr. Frank Sain, warden at Bridewell; Mr. Harold A. Smith, president of the Chicago Bar Association; the Rev. Louis R. King, chaplain at Bridewell; Mr. John Kelly, city prosecutor; Mr. Pat Sorrentino, county prosecutor; Mr. Mike Hastings, bailiff, Municipal Court; Mr. Roger Rogers, bailiff, Police Station No. 26; Mr. Anthony Elliott, bailiff, Police Station No. 26.



Platform scene at the time of the Chicago Harbor Light Center Men's Fellowship Club dinner meeting. Colonel B. Tripp is speaking at time of photo.

Chief Secretary Principal Speaker At Harbor Light Men's Club Dinner

CHICAGO, Ill.—Three hundred sixty-five persons attended the annual dinner meeting of the Chicago Harbor Light Center Men's Fellowship Club and heard an address by Colonel Bramwell Tripp, chief secretary, and greetings from other social workers and judicial guests.

The chief secretary captivated the attention of his audience by directing their attention to the comic strip character, Popeye, and the song associated with this fictitious character, which includes the words, "I am what I am." The colonel then directed his listeners to the Scripture found in I Corinthians 15:10—the words of Paul, "I am what I am." Colonel Tripp stated that it is important that we see ourselves as we are. He further stated that we should accept ourselves as we are. "We don't have to be haunted by the past," said Colonel Tripp and in this connection quoted Paul's words, "Forgetting those things which are behind." "See yourself, plus the grace of God," he concluded.

Commencing the evening was the dinner served in the lower auditorium of the Temple Corps. The invocation was given by the Rev. Arthur L. Harries.

The after-dinner program was presided over by John East, who was pre-

sented by Brigadier Roland Quinn, commanding officer. Don Lamont led a singspiration after which the Chicago Staff Songsters, singing under the leadership of Captain William Speck, presented a group of numbers.

Greetings were brought by William H. Robinson, welfare director, Cook County Public Aid and by Judge Eugene L. Wachowski, presiding judge, First Municipal District. Robinson spoke of his acquaintance with the work of The Salvation Army and expressed his appreciation for the privilege of fellowshiping with the men of the Harbor Light Center. Judge Wachowski thanked the personnel of the Harbor Light Center who were faithful in the work at the Monroe and Chicago Ave. Courts.

Lt.-Colonel Gordon A. Foubister, Northern Illinois divisional commander and director of greater Chicago activities, presented 116 certificates to the men who had achievement of sobriety of two months through 19 years.

Three converts of the center gave personal testimonies, and each one spoke of the grace of God, which had lifted them from the depth of sin to a pathway of true life and a born again experience.

During the program the Chicago Staff Songsters presented two more

groups of numbers. Mrs. Brigadier Quinn pronounced the benediction.

Under the direction of Mrs. Brigadier Quinn, the women of the center decorated the tables using the theme of the Illinois Sesquicentennial year.

Salvationists Busy On Disaster Relief

CHICAGO—The "blizzard of '67" played havoc with transportation in Chicago and its suburbs, and Salvation Army vehicles were immobilized to a great extent. But Salvationists still managed to fulfill the Army's traditional role of bringing relief where it was most needed, often on an individual basis.

Institutions and corps provided refuge for persons marooned in their vicinity. Grocery orders were supplied and shopping was done for a number of mothers. Food, including hard-to-get milk and bread, was delivered to old folks and to mothers with small children.

Men's social service centers and the Harbor Light Center provided food and shelter for many extra men. More than 100 overcoats were distributed.

Emergency canteens got through the snowbound, auto-clogged streets to aid firemen and police at nine major fires, supplied food for 300 police patrolling areas of looting, and supplemented food supplies at fire stations which were serving as storm shelters for stranded motorists. Men's social centers also provided mattresses to those firehouses.

Cadets, officers and other Salvationists, both in groups and individually, did volunteer work at hospitals where staffs were short because of the transportation emergency, and served in a variety of other ways.

5-4-68

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2-25-67

Shining in the darkness

This year's winner of the territorial social services award, the Chicago Harbor Light Dual Diagnosis Services Unit offers hope to men suffering from both mental illness and chemical addictions.

I **magine.** Tormented by paranoid suspicions and voices no one else hears, you turn to drugs and alcohol for relief, but the chaos only increases. You are out of control and your family doesn't want you around. Finally you are diagnosed with schizophrenia and receive treatment, but soon your addictions get the upper hand. You are referred to a program that helps substance abusers, but without treatment for your mental illness psychotic episodes begin to recur.

Thus begins the vicious cycle known to the 50 percent of American schizophrenics who are also substance abusers. Unfortunately, facilities equipped to handle both conditions simultaneously are rare.



Assistant Corps Officer Captain Michael Roland offers spiritual counsel to a hungry soul at the Harbor Light.



Chicago Harbor Light clients enjoy the family-like atmosphere of the residence.

1/over



Hoping for change, a future client makes his way to the Harbor Light.

In Chicago, however, men caught in this nightmare have turned to the Harbor Light since 1978. There they receive treatment for the full range of their needs. They are educated about their illness and learn to take responsibility for their recovery through medication and maintaining a network of support. Taking care to prescribe nothing addictive, the Freedom Medical Clinic, a satellite of Cook County Hospital, supplies them with the extremely expensive psychotropic drugs free of charge, and an R.N. monitors the medications. Family-like residential units are provided for men in the initial stages of their treatment

Trained in maintaining an atmosphere of Christian love, the Harbor Light staff believe in their ministry,

and it shows in the lives of the men they serve. For many clients the stability and personal growth they experience there is unprecedented.

Imagine. For years your identity to those around you has been "sick person." You come to the Chicago Harbor Light and someone sees that you are more than your illness. They ask you what you like to do, so you start painting landscapes again, or maybe you write poems or play

chess. You remember your family and someone helps you contact them. You share with them what you've learned about handling chronic mental illness and they see changes in you. Relationships begin to heal. Your life gains meaning despite your illness. You've been given a chance to live again at the Chicago Harbor Light.

The Chicago Harbor Light is led by Majors Larry and Jane Cowper.



Homelessness and loneliness often characterize the lives of people who are mentally ill and chemically addicted.

Central News - April, 1997

or Skid Row Man, n Into Years

As he sank deeper into drink, his home life disintegrated. On New Year's Eve, 1953, Tom told his wife he was going to the drugstore for cigarettes. Two months later—or was it four? Tom isn't sure—he wired her from Seattle for money to come home, “and do you know, that girl took me back,” says Tom. But their life together was all but over.

Where did he go and what did he do? The weeks were mostly an alcoholic haze, but he remembers some things. He left with \$300 and the family car and headed for Las Vegas. He won \$1,500 at the dice tables, got drunk, lost the money gambling and was jailed overnight. He drove to Portland, Ore., sold the car for \$100 to buy liquor, went on to Seattle, and to raise money for more liquor, pawned his proudest possessions—the last things he had with him—his Purple Heart and Marine discharge papers. They brought \$5.

On to Skid Row

By this time, in the mid-'50s, Tom's drinking was legendary around his home town, so to find work he came to Chicago. He was attracted to West Madison Street, he says, because “you can let your hair down here—the neighbors are very understanding.” He found a comfortable acceptance. At home everybody always expected “me to look like I had on a Brooks Brothers suit and a million dollars in my pocket. Here, if a guy is a friend and has a fault, to hell with the fault; he's still a friend. There's a loyalty—not so much emphasis on how he looks or smells,” he explains.

Much of Tom's nearly 20 years on skid row is a mystery to him. Part of the reason is simply that when he's drunk, he can't remember what's happening. “Believe me, you lose track of time—you lose track of everything. You don't even know what month or year it is. You walk around blacked out,” he says.

Part of it is the grinding boredom of the street itself, where one day blends perfectly with a thousand others. And part of it is something that worries Tom more and more, the alcohol's gradual but steady destruction of his mind—Korsakoff Syndrome is the medical term. “In high school memorizing lines used to be a snap. Now my memory isn't worth a damn,” he says. “Of course, sometimes that comes with age, but I'm not that old.”

When Tom isn't drinking, and that's perhaps a third of the time, he passes the days in a variety of ways. Lately, he has been rising at 5 a.m. and going to the Catholic Charities mission to help clean the basement where skid-row men read, watch television and are fed from a soup line. Often, he hangs around part of the day washing dishes, moving boxes, shoveling snow or running errands. He gets no money for all this, but he does get fed—coffee, eggs and toast for breakfast; meat and a potato for supper—and Catholic Charities buys him a bed ticket (\$1.50 a night) at the Starr Hotel, a West Madison Street flophouse.

“Home” at the Starr Hotel

His room there measures six by 10 feet. It has a cot, steel wall-locker and wooden stool. The green, paper-thin partitions don't reach all the way to the ceiling, so chicken wire is nailed across the top, as it is in all the rooms, to keep next-door occupants from reaching over and helping themselves to Tom's valuables.

Not that Tom has what many would consider valuables. His total possessions on one recent day were 26 cents, a razor, soap, hair oil, deodorant (he mentions this item with a chuckle), three shirts, a pair of pants and an extra pair of shoes. The clothing comes from cast-

When Tom is sober, and when he isn't at “home” in his cubicle at the Starr or else helping out at the mission, he spends his time walking around, watching television at the Starr, standing around talking—mainly about sports, women and drinking—and occasionally having a Pepsi or shooting a game of pool in one of the skid row taverns. He also likes to read newspapers, True magazine and, sometimes, a historical novel. (Books are available free at a nearby reading room maintained by the city.)

Occasionally, through one of the street's day-labor agencies—skid rowers call them slave-labor markets—Tom finds a paying job: “pearl diving” (dish washing), gandyding (railroad track repair), unloading trucks and box-cars, cleaning up after conventions or distributing handbills.

Sometimes he raises cash by pawning his false teeth (if he hasn't lost them) for a dollar or two or by selling his blood at \$10 a pint. He used to receive a \$30-a-month veteran's disability allowance paid in connection with his war wound, but four or five years ago, Tom says, his two sisters somehow arranged—he doesn't understand how—to have the money paid to them. “I guess you can't blame them,” he says resignedly. “Every time I'd get the money, I'd get drunk.” Tom's sisters refuse to discuss the matter, or, for that matter, to talk about their brother at all.

Rolling Into the River

At times, Tom has no desire for drink, but when the urge strikes, it's terrible and virtually uncontrollable. Usually, he can tell about a week ahead when it's coming. “I get shaky and irritable,” he says. Sometimes candy or milkshakes help fight off the craving. When he starts drinking, though, a bender can last for weeks or months. The longest (so far as Tom remembers) was three months, and he lost 45 pounds.

If he has the money and a “good front” (clean clothes), he sometimes starts a bout of drinking at the Conrad Hilton Hotel or the Palmer House. “I like a change. Live high—drink champagne on a beer income,” he says. When he's broke and desperate for a drink, he'll try almost anything. Once it was gasoline and milk. “It was another guy's idea. I don't know how he got it, but it doesn't work. I got so sick I thought I was going to die,” he says.

Usually, he falls back on his cronies on the street who will pool their nickels and dimes from their welfare or Social Security checks to buy 65-cent pints of wine that they all share. “I can go out right now without a penny in my pocket and get drunk,” he declares. “The guys down here are pretty generous, if you want something to drink. They don't like drinking alone.” By the same token, when Tom has money, he's expected to share, and he does. “I went through \$30 in 20 minutes one day buying drinks and flops for everyone.” Ironically, he forget to buy himself a flop and ended up spending the night outside.

That is not unusual. He has slept under viaducts, covered with newspapers and cardboard to keep warm. In warm weather he will sleep by the Chicago River, which runs a few blocks from skid row. One night, sleeping on the bank, he rolled the wrong way and fell in. The police fished him out, and the judge, thinking Tom might have tried suicide, ordered a psychiatric hearing for him. “I wasn't trying to commit suicide,” says Tom with disgust. “I was just drunk.” He was sentenced to five days in jail.

100 Times in Jail

He estimates that he has been jailed around 100 times, mostly for loitering or vagrancy and sometimes simply for his own safety. One night when he wasn't locked up for safekeeping he stumbled and fell headlong on the street, his face and mouth smashing into the curb. The fall loosened all his teeth and eventually he had to have them pulled. The work was done free by dental students at Loyola University here.

When Tom needs medical care (or a new set of teeth), he heads for one of the area's Veterans Administration hospitals. Last summer he couldn't get into a nearby facility because it was full, so he walked nearly 50 miles to one near Waukegan, Ill. The trip took three days; he took along three pints of wine and spent the nights in parks along Lake Michigan.

At night alone in his tiny cubicle, Tom sometimes thinks about all the worry and aggravation he has caused others, all the years he has wasted drinking. He shows no bitterness over the way his life has turned out. He says he doesn't know why he drinks except that he's “a born alcoholic.” He does resent, however, not being able to drink normally, and he seems particularly hurt that he never could emulate his father's drinking habits. “Dad drank quite a bit, but just on weekends, never during the week when he was working,” he says. A social worker on the street observes: “Tom was always impressed with the idea that a good man could hold his liquor.”

Tom says his biggest regret is losing his wife. “That was definitely my fault. She gave me every break in the world. Most women would have got rid of me long before she did,” he says. She is remarried now, and Tom rarely sees her.

“Kind of Callous”

Tom still might kick his habit and go on to a useful life, but his time to do this is getting short. He has been on the street for nearly 20 years now, and though his health seems remarkably good—all things considered—the odds are that he'll die an early death. The life expectancy on skid row is cut about 10 years, medical experts say. Studies show that the death rate from pneumonia is 14 times higher for men on skid rows than among men in general, and the tuberculosis death rate is 37 times higher.

Indeed, Tom is often called on to act as a pallbearer as the years roll by and as more and more of his friends from the early days pass on. Few mourners gather at these funerals, for these men had no life outside the little world of West Madison Street. Some had no families, and others had long ago lost touch with their people. These funerals make Tom pause, because he himself is out of touch with life beyond skid row.

Tom's father died five or six years ago, and he says his senile mother is in a nursing home. He hasn't seen his children—two boys and a girl—for at least four years. Two of them are married, he says, but he doesn't know where they live. The third, a son, lives at home with his mother, Tom thinks.

“I always sent them birthday cards, but I never got an answer, so I quit,” he says. “I know all their birthdays.” He pauses. “I used to feel sad that I don't see them, but not any more. This street makes you kind of callous.”

The Nonworkers

For Skid Row Alcoholic, Hopeless Days Blend Into Hopeless Years

Home Is in a Flophouse Now, But Tom, 50, Remembers Days as Marine & Pitcher Muscatel, Lice & Pearl Diving

By RICHARD D. JAMES

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

CHICAGO—Here is his world: a hotel cubicle, barely big enough for a cot; no windows; green walls lit by a bare overhead bulb; an overpowering stench of stale urine and alcohol.

These are his friends: down the hall, a man hunched over a toilet, retching and gagging; sitting next to him on another toilet, another man, shaking uncontrollably and crying.

This is his life: At night he sleeps with the light on. Otherwise, he would see things—ima-

To work at a day-to-day job is the "normal" thing for men to do in U.S. society. Yet, often almost unnoticed, there are many who for one reason or another—illness, retirement, layoffs or simply a disinclination to work—play little or no role in our workaday world. This is the third in a series of articles about such men.

ginary, nameless things; crawly things. What he wants to see is his pint of muscatel wine. Besides the grimy clothes on his back and the 26 cents in his pocket, that jug of "musky" is his only possession. He needs its warm sweetness before the night is out to escape his fears, his guilt, his remorse. That's where he'll find the peace to quiet his nerves, the strength to keep from screaming.

This is the world of Tommy Dunn on Chicago's skid row. It's not pretty—Tommy Dunn can tell you. He has wandered in and out of its flophouses, bars and hockshops, stumbling over the broken bottles and bodies, for almost 20 years. He knows it well—he knows the guilt and remorse, too. "When I look in the mirror I cuss at myself," he says. That's because he sees a man, 50 years old, who once was a university student, a promising baseball pitcher, a combat Marine and a fairly prosperous young self-employed businessman. Once.

Today, Thomas Francis Dunn is a Chicago skid-row alcoholic, divorced from his wife, out of touch with his three children and penniless. He is unemployed, and it has been years—so many that Tom can't remember—since he has held a job regularly. He's supported mainly by the charity of the Catholic church, which runs a skid-row mission, and by the largesse of his bottle buddies. Sometimes, when he's sober, he works at odd jobs—most skid row habitués do—but never for long. Whenever he accumulates a little cash, he drinks it up and slides back into the gutter.

Sociologists say skid row is a phenomenon peculiar to the U.S. that originated about the time of the Civil War, when thousands of persons were left homeless and destitute. The term itself originated in Seattle as Skid Road, a local trail down which logs were skidded to the sawmill and along which rough-and-tumble, hard-drinking lumberjacks lived in squalor. The country adopted the name and corrupted it to skid row.

After the Civil War, such areas grew rapidly. Thousands of young men were needed for lumbering, seafaring, laying railroad track and harvesting; in between jobs, that's where they lived. Skid rows became huge pools of unskilled labor. In 1917, World War I virtually drained them. The Great Depression refilled them, and World War II again emptied them.

Today, for one reason or another, the number of faceless bums in those skid row gutters is again declining. Chicago today has only about 10,000 skid rowers, compared with around 50,000 in 1915. New York's Bowery is down to about 6,000 bums from 75,000 in the early 1900s. Sociologists estimate that the U.S. total now is around 500,000, a third less than a decade ago. And the young have disappeared almost entirely as the character of skid row has changed—from a rough labor market to a pathetic last home for drunks and other outcasts of society.

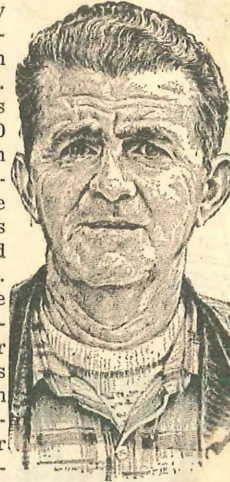
If skid rows are declining in population, so, too, are they declining in area, giving way to the bulldozers of urban renewal. "The property is worth more for parking lots than flophouses," says Ronald VanderKooi, a sociologist at Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Mich., who has studied skid rows extensively.

But most cities still have at least a shadow of their old skid rows—dilapidated collections of saloons, greasy restaurants, cheap hotels, pawnshops and missions. Indeed, Chicago still has three, the largest being the one not far from the Loop on West Madison Street, where Tom and 7,000 others hang out.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is one way Tom likes to describe himself, and to anyone who has seen him sober and then drunk, that's how he seems. Sober, he has a certain charm and good looks—boyish blue eyes, an engaging smile and straight, white teeth—one wouldn't guess they're false. When he is sober, he stays closely shaven, he keeps his graying, wavy hair neatly combed, and he dresses in clean and neat clothes—he was wearing dark slacks, a blue plaid shirt and a lightweight red jacket on one of his recent sober days. "Tom's got a thing about cleanliness. He'll sober up and be taking a shower at 10, two, four and six," says a friend who used to drink with him on "the street."

But Tom is a different man when he's drunk. "Then he won't wash his face for three months," says the friend. His clothes are torn, soiled and infested with lice. His face is bloated with drink and covered with an inch-long growth of beard. Usually, he's toothless: He has lost five sets of false teeth in 15 years. "I

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The Nonworkers: F Hopeless Days Tur

Continued From First Page

don't know where—heave them out when I'm sick, I guess," says Tom. The friend recalls coming upon a group of men one day, "down on their hands and knees in the gutter, looking for Tommy Dunn's false teeth." In vain, as it turned out.

The First Drink

Tom believes his journey to skid row started at age 17 when he took his first drink. He was a freshman at the University of Illinois, and two friends asked him to have a beer with them. "I got drunk that night. I liked it, and from then on it was straight down hill. I kept missing class—one day, two days, three, four," Tom recalls. The university suggested he not return the next year, that he wait two years until he had more "emotional maturity."

That suited Tom fine. He hadn't wanted to go in the first place, but as he puts it: "My people are sticklers on education. It was just kind of understood from the beginning that everybody went to school." Then, at college, he wanted to study dramatics, something he had enjoyed in high school. His father, however, insisted on accounting. "He thought all actors were immoral," says Tom. "If I'd taken up dramatics, it would have hurt his feelings." He pauses, laughs, and then adds: "I hurt his feelings worse by . . ." and his voice trails off.

For the next two years, Tom worked at an ordnance plant in Joliet, Ill., and played semi-professional baseball. A left-hander, he had a good enough fastball to get a tryout with the St. Louis Cardinals and Cleveland Indians, plus an offer to sign with a Cardinals farm team. "My dad frowned on that. They were only paying \$75 a month, and I was making \$55 a week at the ordnance plant," says Tom. So he didn't sign.

The drinking continued. Once, late at night, he stalled his car on a railroad crossing near his home in Kinsman, Ill., about 85 miles southwest of Chicago—and then passed out at the wheel in a stupor. The lights of an approaching train were visible when a neighbor happened along and pushed him off the tracks.

The Marines and a Job

In July 1942, he enlisted in the Marines, hoping the service might help him control his drinking. Apparently, it did; he landed in a Marine guard house once for drinking, but never again. Eventually, Tom saw combat on Guadalcanal, Bougainville and Guam, where he was wounded in the left shoulder by an exploding shell—"and no more speed for pitching," he says.

After the war, he and his father opened a bulk fuel oil business, selling to farmers. He married a girl whom he'd known slightly in high school, and he stayed sober for 18 months. Then he fell off the wagon. He recalls a bartender telling him that one night he drank 40 shots of whisky and then went out and drove home just as if he were cold sober. "I didn't remember a thing," says Tom.

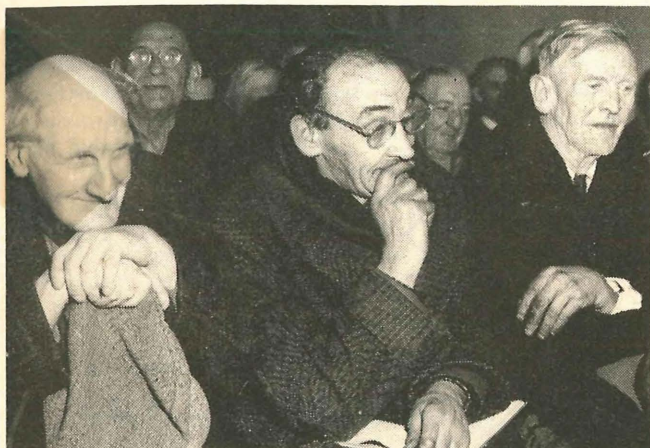
The business suffered, and after two years, the Dunns sold out. Tom went to work as an oil compounder for a company that showed remarkable patience with his drinking. In two years the company fired him five times, and five times it rehired him. More than once he was promised whisky to drink on the job, if he would just come to work and tell others what amounts of additives to mix with the motor oils.

1 cover

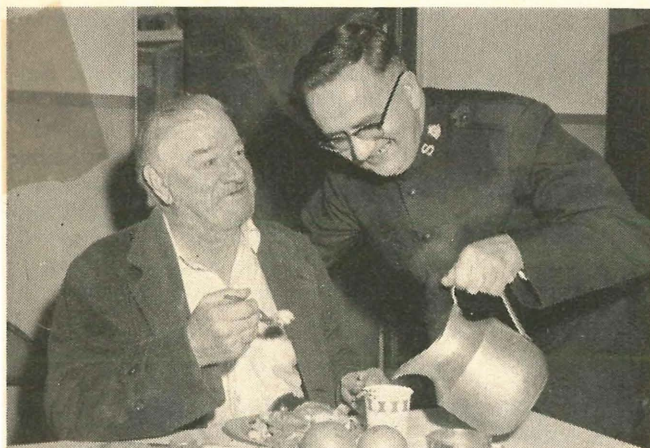
HAPPY GOLDEN AGERS

These old-timers are different . . .

They don't mind being reminded about their age!



The old-timers love to sing familiar hymns and listen to the gospel.



The "inner man" is also provided for with a substantial, wholesome meal.



The cares of the day are absorbed in a hard-fought game of checkers.

By MRS. MAJOR JOHN TROUTT

MOST people shy away from the words "golden agers." Caseworkers were among the first to stop using the term in favor of talking about "senior citizens."

"The aging don't think of themselves as old. They think 'golden agers' sounds too much like the sunset years, and few of them think they belong in this category," said one experienced worker with the aging.

But there's one group of senior citizens who live in the Skid Row area of Chicago who don't agree with this quibbling about words. In fact, they come right out and call themselves the "Golden Agers."

They don't stop there either. They are active members in the Golden Agers Club, sponsored by the Harbor Light Corps on Chicago's West Madison Street and on their membership card they state that it is a club "for those in the sunset years."

They don't stop to think much about how long the sunset will last. They are more concerned with living in the beauty and glow of the sunset.

Members of this Golden Agers club are unattached men who live along Skid Row because their pension or income is small and they cannot live as comfortably in other sections of the city where rent and food costs are higher. These men are not alcoholics. They are sober men with many problems, but drink is not one of them.

The Harbor Light Golden Agers club was organized to help aging men in the area with some of these problems. A social caseworker helps some of them apply for a pension. Others have social security interpreted to them so they will know if they are eligible for it.

The medical needs of the men are met, too. Two doctors at Harbor Light are available to help the men who need treatment or referral to the county hospital. Or there may be others who need glasses, teeth or emergency medical help.

Herbert Seibert, charter member of the two-year-old club, described it as "wonderful."

"It is one hundred per cent in my books," said Ernest Moe, another member.

Otto Jahn, another old-timer, said, "I've been all over the world, and there's nothing like it."

Club membership is one hundred seventy-five, and every Thursday afternoon about one hundred thirty-five Golden Agers have their club meeting. They show their membership card for admittance. This membership card is important to them—not just because it admits them to the meeting, but because it signifies that they belong to a group with kindred interests.

Printed on the card are the club objectives:

1. Recreation for the body
2. Interest for the mind
3. Inspiration for the soul
4. Service for others

(Continued on page 21)

Golden Agers

(Continued from page 11)

The weekly program is varied to include inspirational talks, lectures, music, movies, discussions and tours. A substantial lunch is served after every meeting. In the summer, buses are chartered for a picnic at the Army's Wonderland Camp, as well as for wiener roasts at the forest preserves and other outdoor activities.

Members of the Golden Agers club look forward to Thursday afternoons. Many of them return for the chapel service that evening.

The visitor to Chicago's Skid Row will see hundreds of men who shuffle aimlessly up and down Madison Street or who try to cadge the price of a drink from anyone who will stop and listen to them.

Here and there, however, he will see men who walk with confidence—men who call themselves "Golden Agers." These are men who enjoy the sunset years. Their spiritual and social needs are met at the Harbor Light Corps, and they take pride in helping each other solve problems that confront the aging, whether they live on Park Avenue or Skid Row.



Harbor Light Sergeant Hears Final Call

CHICAGO (Harbor Light), Ill.—From skid row to the presence of the Lord might well describe the experience of Sergeant Charles Brown, 93-year-old veteran of the center, who died recently. Colonel C. Stanley Staiger, staff secretary, brought the principal message at the funeral service conducted by Brigadier Roland Quinn, commanding officer.

The service was opened with the congregational singing of "Near the Cross" led by Sergeant-Major Walter McClintock and prayer by Norman Rigley, chaplain of the men's fellowship club.

Mrs. Brigadier Quinn read the 23rd Psalm and Brigadier Quinn directed the audience in the singing of "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Two men paid tribute to the late Sergeant Brown: John East, chairman of the men's fellowship club, and Don Lamont, who also sang a vocal solo.

The honor guard was composed of Edward Naglak, William Wagner, Arthur Kay and Woodrow Parrish.

Charles Brown first came to the Harbor Light Center because of an alcoholic problem that had brought him down to skid row. One evening in May 1948 he accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, and in the Christian setting of the corps and with the encouragement of Captain Tom Crocker, the then commanding officer, he continued to grow spiritually.

Brigadier Roland Quinn commissioned him recording sergeant, and he served in that capacity until the time of his death.

Sergeant Brown leaves to mourn his death a host of friends who remember his unwavering testimony and the more than 20 years that he had lived since his conversion as the witness of the effectiveness of the grace of God for the alcoholic. □

Sobriety Awards Given to 137 at Harbor Light

CHICAGO, Ill.—The recent annual dinner of the men's fellowship club at the harbor light center here brought 393 persons out to recognize progress made by 137 men in the center who had achieved periods of sobriety ranging from 2 months to 22 years.

The dinner was held at the Goodwill Industries dining room and was supervised by Mrs. Dorothy Brooks, Goodwill nutritionist. Twenty harbor light men served.

Brigadier Roland Quinn directs the center, where a program of alcoholic rehabilitation is setting men on the road to becoming self-supporting citizens again.

John East Jr., chairman of the men's fellowship club, introduced Captain Clarence Harvey, divisional secretary, who chaired the program.

Mary Harms was presented a plaque for faithful service on her retirement as administrator of the outpatient clinic at the center. Dr. Richard Cook, clinic director, made the presentation. Phyllis K. Snyder, executive director of the Chicago Alcoholic Treatment Center, presented the sobriety certificates of achievement.

The Mont Clare Corps Songsters provided music under the direction of Songster Leader Howard Cox, who also sang a solo. Brigadier Walter Kennedy, Northern Illinois divisional officer, gave a devotional message. □

The WAR CRY for May 27, 1972

... A pitcher with a message

By Chip Magnus

There was only a little gray in his full head of hair, and any sports fan from the 1950s would have recognized the face and sturdy frame as he stepped to the microphone.

"Hi," he said to his audience. "I'm Don Newcombe, and I'm an alcoholic."

Don Newcombe, a name that was magic to fans of the old Brooklyn Dodgers and poison to fans of all other National League teams. A pitcher who won 27 games in 1956, was the league's most valuable player and first winner of the Cy Young Award as the outstanding hurler in both leagues.

And four years later, at 34, his career was over and his life beginning to shatter from alcohol.

Now he was speaking to 200 members of the Fellowship Club of the Salvation Army's Harbor Light Center, 200 other recovering alcoholics, as Newcombe calls himself. For, although he has not taken a drink in the last 10 years, he knows he is an alcoholic.

"I'm afraid of alcohol," he told them, "I respect it. I was drinking two fifths of vodka a day, and I was an animal."

HE LAID IT on the line, with pride in his voice and without sparing himself or his baseball legend. "I'm not ashamed to say I'm an alcoholic," he said to the men, "because we've been down the same road together."

Newcombe's baseball road reached the big time on the morning of May 17, 1949, when he flew from Montreal to Meigs Field in the private plane of Dodger owner Branch Rickey. He had just been brought up to the major leagues.

"The next day in St. Louis," Newcombe said, "Burt Shotton (Dodger manager) decided to put me in against the Cardinals. We were already eight runs behind, but I was ready to show them what I could do."

"The first four hitters socked line drives, all for hits, and I called (Roy) Campanella out to the mound, 'Hey, Roomie, what's wrong?' I asked. He said, 'Son, I can't tell if you've got good stuff on the ball. You've got to let me catch one first.'"

BUT NEWCOMBE made his first start four



DON NEWCOMBE: "I'm not ashamed to say I'm an alcoholic." (Sun-Times Photo by Chuck Kirman)

days later, a five-hit shutout of Cincinnati, and a great career had begun. "There was Jackie Robinson, Campy and me," he said, and the man they called "Newk" momentarily seemed to be back in 1949, his eyes softening.

"Jackie died three years ago of sugar diabetes, and Campy is in a wheelchair, paralyzed from an auto accident. Now I'm here, almost 50, and in the twilight of my life I want to share my feelings with others, especially young people, and maybe I can help somebody."

"I won all those awards while I was on top, and I abused them. And I took other people with me down into the sewer I made of my life."

Don Newcombe was, pitching now, the high ball ones, as they say.

"My first wife was also an alcoholic," he said. "We were married 13 years, and she couldn't have children. Maybe this contributed to her drinking problem. I haven't seen her in about 17 years, and I hope to God she's found help and strength the way I have."

"Then in 1960, I married the woman I'm married to today, Billie. She gave me three

children, and I almost destroyed them all. And then, in 1966, she saved my life when the buzzard was on my shoulder."

Except for Newcombe's voice, the room was completely still.

"ONE MORNING she woke me from a drunken stupor," he continued, "and showed me that she had packed to leave. I had lost almost all my money on drink and had pawned my trophies and 1955 World Series ring. 'I hate your guts,' she told me. 'You have become less than a man.'"

Newcombe got on his knees, placed his hand on the head of his older son, swore to God he wouldn't drink any more, then begged for one more chance.

His wife gave it to him; Don Newcombe has never taken a drink since.

"I gained 80 pounds on ice cream, candy, cakes," he smiled, "but I stopped drinking, cold turkey. Two years of the DTs, and this was before I joined Alcoholics Anonymous."

"A couple of years later, we were driving home one night, and Billie moved over next to me. 'I love you again,' she said, 'because you're a man again. And you have your son back. He's not afraid of you anymore. He's proud of what you've done.'"

TODAY, NEWCOMBE does public-relations work for the Dodgers and is vice president of a bank. Why does he devote so much of his time, without reimbursement, telling people of the horror that once was his life?

"I want to be remembered for doing something worthwhile," he said, "because I didn't do it when I was what they call 'on top.' I like to think of myself as the old man building a bridge across the raging river. 'Why are you spending your last days building the bridge?' someone asked him."

"Because," the old man said, "the young people behind me will be able to cross the raging river." I spend two or three hours sometimes talking with a young person who has a problem with alcohol or some other drug. If I can help just one of them across the raging river, I'll be happy. My life will have counted for something."

The record books credit Newcombe with 149 career victories. The 150th is his biggest.



This clean, well-lighted room is part of Haymarket House, one of the new detoxification centers that will treat drunks as patients and their condition as an illness when the state law prohibiting the lockup of drunks goes into effect July 1. (Daily News Photo/Perry Riddle)

1st customers at Haymarket House 3 drunks begin trip back

By Edmund J. Rooney

Rudy, Walter and Verl are just three of the city's estimated 25,000 chronic alcoholics who routinely are chauffeured each night to a nearby police lockup commonly called the drunk tank.

The routine was slightly different Wednesday for these three who, instead of going to the drunk tank, staggered from the police wagon, down some steps into the basement

of an old building at 12 S. Peoria.

There the three were greeted, not by a police sergeant, but a Catholic priest who will be among the staff at Haymarket House where it is hoped that the city's drunks will be dried out, stood up and sent off to something better than the Skid Row they left behind.

HAYMARKET House is one of the new detoxification cen-

ters that, as of July 1 when state law prohibits the lockup of drunks, will treat drunks as patients and their condition as an illness.

Rudy and his friends were the first customers at Haymarket House where they will spend five days getting psychological, physical and social welfare services.

The house is operated by the Chicago Clergy Assn. of the Homeless Person, which will

provide round-the-clock staff. Msgr. Ignatius McDermott explained:

"For some of these fellows, this is the first decent rest they've had in weeks. Our program is aimed at getting them rehabilitated so they can return to jobs."

Haymarket House will accommodate up to 30 persons. It is being funded by a \$150,000 grant from the Chicago Community Trust.

Sobriety Awards Given to 137 at Harbor Light

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John East Jr., chairman of the men's fellowship club, introduced Captain Clarence Harvey, divisional secretary, who chaired the program.

Mary Harms was presented a plaque for faithful service on her retirement as administrator of the outpatient clinic at the center. Dr. Richard Cook, clinic director, made the presentation. Phyllis K. Snyder, executive director of the Chicago Alcoholic Treatment Center, presented the sobriety certificates of achievement.

The Mont Clare Corps Songsters provided music under the direction of Songster Leader Howard Cox, who also sang a solo. Brigadier Walter Kennedy, Northern Illinois divisional officer, gave a devotional message. □

The WAR CRY for May 27, 1972

Harbor Light Packed for Watch Night

CHICAGO, Ill.—A line two blocks long formed for the watch night service at the Harbor Light Center here. By 11 p.m., reported Brigadier Roland Quinn, center director, the chapel and overflow rooms were filled with more than 500 people.

Commissioner J. Clyde Cox, Cen-

The WAR CRY for February 5, 1972

tral territorial commander, brought the message and Mrs. Cox gave a personal testimony.

There was a steady stream to the front during the altar call and at midnight hundreds of men stood for the prayer of rededication by Mrs. Quinn.

Musical offerings were a violin duet by John Mazurko and Ed Gosiorowski, an accordion duet by Matthew Stanczyk and Armando Vega and a guitar solo by Leroy Webb. □

Telephone Ministry According to information from Major Roland Quinn of the Chicago Harbor Light Corps, the specially recorded gospel message service installed at the corps has resulted in 1,500 to 1,600 telephone calls with a considerable number of follow-up calls also received.

The WAR CRY for December 29, 1956

Telephone Ministry If the alcoholic in Chicago calls ANdover 3-1797, he can receive a minute of recorded advice and inspiration. Major Roland Quinn of the

The WAR CRY for September 29, 1956

Harbor Light Center has installed two machines capable of taking 96 calls per hour. Last week there were more than 300 calls. The message is changed each day. Here is one of the messages: "IN GOD WE TRUST. The 84th Congress passed a law making this a national motto. Despite the armament race and the strangling secularism and a frantic chase for fortune and fame, the words 'In God we trust' mean something to the people of America. Our nation can only be as strong as the people, so basically it is more important to ask ourselves, 'Where is my trust, and do I put my trust into practice?' The hymn writer writes: 'Trust and obey, for there's no other way to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.' May God help us each to trust Him. This is Major Roland Quinn of The Salvation Army Harbor Light Center speaking. My phone number is RAndolph 6-2429. If I can help you, phone me."

There have been good results thus far with hopeless people coming to see the Major and finding a hope in Jesus Christ. A newspaper man at the end of things was one who responded. He says, "I have tried so many other things, but this is it!"



CHICAGO, Ill.—Holiday dinner is enjoyed at Harbor light center as men on the program serve their fellowmen. Three settings were necessary to accommodate the crowds. RIGHT, Brigadier Raymond Cameron, assistant director, checks with one of the men to make sure dinner is being enjoyed. A total of 1,626 guests were served. Brigadier Roland Quinn (not shown) is center director. Turkey sandwiches and fruit were served after the evening service also.



The WAR CRY for February 3, 1973

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LEFT, CHICAGO, Ill.—Sergeant-Major Walter McClintock leads the singing during recent senior citizens club holiness meeting at the Chicago Harbor Light Center. RIGHT,



CHICAGO, Ill.—Outstanding leaders of The Salvation Army Association at recent meeting at the Palmer House are (seated) Russell T. Stern Jr., Commissioner and Mrs. J. Clyde Cox and Donald M. Graham; (standing) Lt.-Colonel Andrew S. Miller, Mrs. Carl S. Winters, Colonel and Mrs. Henry H. Koerner, Mrs. Miller, Samuel H. Woolley, Howard D. Murphy and T. Stanton Armour.

Association Views \$30 Million Scheme

CHICAGO, Ill.—The Salvation Army Association of Greater Chicago met at a luncheon meeting at the Palmer House recently, headed by Donald M. Graham, chairman of the board of Continental Illinois National Bank, a member of the Chicago Advisory Board and president of the association.

Samuel H. Woolley, Greater New York advisory board member and chairman of the board, Bank of New York, was the speaker.

Commissioner J. Clyde Cox, Central territorial commander, brought greetings and introduced Mr. Woolley.

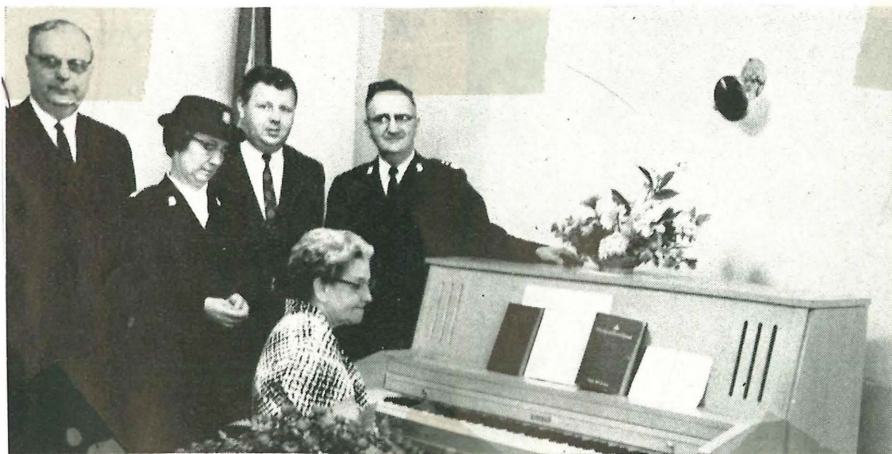
A preliminary presentation on the \$30 million comprehensive capital needs program in the city was made by Lt.-Colonel Andrew S. Miller, Greater Chicago unified commander. Visual aids and models of the proposed senior citizens' residence and harbor light center were shown.

Mr. Graham indicated his desire to achieve maximum enlistment in the association. Membership is available by a gift of \$500 to the Army. □



CHICAGO, Ill.—Viewing model of proposed harbor light center at Salvation Army Association luncheon are Howard D. Murphy, Lt.-Colonel Andrew S. Miller, Donald M. Graham and Samuel H. Woolley. Center is part of \$30 million capital program.

Summer Photo News



1. Participating in dedication of new piano at Chicago Harbor Light Clark St. Outpost are (left to right) Louis Gregg, center personnel manager; Mrs. Brigadier Roland Quinn; Paul MacKenzie; and Brigadier Quinn, corps officer. Seated at piano is Miss A. Phipps, pianist at corps. Piano was dedicated in memory of late Sr.-Major Arthur MacKenzie, who with his wife operated the outpost when it was first started. Paul MacKenzie represented family.

8-26-67



Chicago in His Heart

11/23/74

CHICAGO, Ill. — Brigadier Roland Quinn, (second from right), former director of the Chicago Harbor Light Center and now retired, offers invocation at Chicago City Council meeting. Following the prayer, a resolution was introduced acknowledging Brigadier Quinn's many years of service on Mayor Daley's Commission for the Rehabilitation of Persons; the executive board of the Chicago Alcoholic Treatment Center; the Cook County Criminal Justice Commission; and 19 years' ministry to men of Chicago's "Skid Row"



CHICAGO, Ill. — LEFT, Captain Clarence Harvey, Chicago inner city services secretary, supervises serving of 3,000 turkey dinners on Thanksgiving Day at Harbor Light Center, Harbor Light Residence, Uptown Center and Clark Street Center. RIGHT, Luis R. Hidalgo, in charge of Central Spanish Corps, institutes first Thanksgiving Day dinner program sponsored by corps at which 200 persons were served

Territorial Commander Speaks at Annual Chicago Harbor Light Fellowship Dinner

CHICAGO (*Harbor Light*), Ill. — Nearly 400 Salvationists and Army friends met at the Chicago Temple Corps recently to honor men of the Chicago Harbor Light Center who are enrolled in the program for the rehabilitation of alcoholics.

Those attending the annual event met first for a dinner, after which a program was piloted by Don Lamont, chairman of the Harbor Light men's fellowship.

Principal speaker was Lt.-Commissioner Paul J. Carlson, territorial commander, who congratulated the men upon their achievements and urged them to continue in their efforts to better themselves and to serve Jesus Christ.

Representing Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago was Maurice Fischer, assistant to the editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, who brought greetings.

Also on hand was Professor Murray Leiffer of the Garrett Biblical School, who offered the invocation, and George Freedman, chairman of the Harbor Light advisory board.

An unexpected gesture early in the evening was a presentation of a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Brigadier Roland Quinn, wife of the commanding officer, by three brothers who, one by one, had helped each other into the Harbor Light program. On behalf of all the men of the center, the trio ex-



At annual meeting of Chicago Harbor Light converts' club, Mrs. Brigadier Roland Quinn, wife of the commanding officer, accepts floral token of appreciation from Joseph, Edward and John Naglak, brothers active in the Harbor Light program. Looking on (second from left) is Brigadier Quinn.

pressed thanks to Mrs. Quinn for her concern and helpfulness.

Other items on the program included Scripture reading by Sergeant-Major Walter McClintock; testimonies by Robert Leonard, Carl Schmidt and Sammie McMillen; and the awarding of 118 sobriety certificates by Lt.-Colonel Gordon A. Foubister, divisional commander.

Brigadier Quinn reported that 119,432 persons had attended chapel services at the center during 1966, that 11,399 men were given personal interviews and that 69,378 lodgings were provided.

Special music was provided by the Harbor Light ensemble and by the women of the Chicago Staff Songsters, led by Major Ernest Miller.

Major Alvin Nelson, divisional secretary, pronounced the benediction. □



Portion of crowd of nearly 400 persons who attended the annual fellowship dinner of Chicago Harbor Light Center, held at the Chicago Temple.

Commissioner Marshall Officiates At Harbor Light Dedication

(Photos on page 20)

● CHICAGO (Harbor Light), Ill.—The Salvation Army's war on the evils of Skid Row in this city made a decided advance when Commissioner Norman S. Marshall, Territorial Commander, officially dedicated the completed Harbor Light Corps' facilities to God's service.

Held on Sunday afternoon, the dedicatory ceremonies called for a varied program of music and speeches that was climaxed when the Commissioner declared the building officially opened.

"This is not the end of a perfect day," he declared in referring to the completion of the facilities. "It is the beginning of a new day—for Skid Row, for The Salvation Army and for the soldiers and converts of this corps."

In speaking of the building as an evidence of faith in God's power to save and in the Army's program, Commissioner Marshall added that "from here must pulsate the spirit of a militant Army."

"We dedicate this building as a place where the needy may find a loving God . . . a place of worship . . . a place of refuge . . . a place of teaching . . . a place of training."

As the capacity crowd stood, heads bowed, the Commissioner asked God's blessing upon the structure and upon all that would be done in His name.

Preceding the dedicatory address there had been three other speakers.

Mrs. Charles S. Clark, who represented The Salvation Army Board of Chicago, had eulogized the service of the Army, saying about its members:

"I love them. I love the work they do, because they do the work of Christ. It is their love for Christ that makes them great."

Dr. John W. Harms, executive vice-president of the Chicago Church Federation, spoke of the Army as a federation member and as "our representative in this section of Chicago."

The third speaker was Capt. Tom Crocker, corps officer, who reiterated his confidence in The Salvation Army as—to quote his words—"an organization that still believes that men like me can be saved."

His personal reference concerned his conversion about nine years ago when, after being released from an insane asylum and an alcoholic ward in Detroit, Mich., he staggered into the Detroit Bowery Corps and accepted Christ.

While speaking, Capt. Crocker introduced "Mike" Eshlemen, manager of the Springfield Products Co. in Detroit, who also is a converted alcoholic, and Envoy Charles Smith, converted drunkard, who now is in charge of the St. Louis Bowery work, and Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Walter Krafft, member of the Chicago Women's Division, and Mr. Krafft were also introduced.

Capt. Crocker then read several congratulatory messages, and referred to one that had been received from Commissioner John J. Allan, Chief of the Staff, who conceived the plan of the Harbor Light Corps while he was the Territorial Commander for the Central.

Lt.-Col. John Marshall, Divisional Commander, led the opening song and introduced the Commissioner. Col. Tom Scott (R) from the West Coast, gave the invocation. Brig. Earl Crawford, Chicago Family Service Department Secretary, read the 130th Psalm.

The Territorial Staff Band, led by Capt. Carl Lindstrom, played for the singing and gave a selection.

Bandsman Ernest Miller sang "The Old Rugged Cross."

The evening service, preceded by an open-air meeting in which the number of participants stretched five store lengths along the avenue, was of dual significance.

Fourteen members of the converts' club were enrolled as soldiers by the Commissioner, and at the conclusion of the meeting the altar was lined several times with seekers.

Bringing the message was Col. Scott, whose remarks came after Col. Edwin Clayton, Field Secretary, who assisted throughout the day, had led a song and Mrs. Clayton had read from the Scriptures.

In this service, presided over by Commissioner Marshall, an ensemble from the Staff Band played, and Col. Scott pronounced the benediction.

Erected and equipped at a cost of \$150,000, the Harbor Light structure is designed to give help to the chronic alcoholics who frequent Skid Row.

The chapel, light and attractively decorated, seats 250 per-

(Continued on page 23)

The WAR CRY for July 3, 1948

Dedication Held for Harbor Light Corps

(Continued from page 18)

sons. The dormitory on the second floor will accommodate 60 to 70 men and is complete with showers and a special room for fumigating clothing. Also on this floor are quarters for the assistant superintendent and a three-bed "hospital" unit where men verging on delirium tremens can be segregated for treatment.

The basement is a dining-room equipped to serve about 180 men at a time. The old section of the building has been converted into an employment office, private interviewing rooms and recreational space.

The old section, an auditorium with a small office and kitchen combined, has been in constant use since its dedication in 1946.

At that time the corps was under the command of Major Johanna Honings and Capt. Helen Blanck, now of Waukegan, whose untiring efforts are greatly responsible for the progress of the Harbor Light Corps.

The Major took command of the corps in 1939 when it was located on South State Street, conducting meetings every night, year in, year out. She, with Capt. Blanck, began the Harbor Light Corps when it was transferred to Madison Street.

The WAR CRY for July 3, 1948

Evangelist R. Anderson Visits Harbor Light

CHICAGO (Harbor Light), Ill.—Evangelist Ruth Anderson conducted a series of meetings here recently, attended by 2,072 persons. Open-air meetings were held prior to the evening services, conducted by members of the Harbor Light Converts Club, and also a number of prayer meetings were held on behalf of the evangelistic campaign. As a result of these combined efforts, 111 persons made decisions for Christ.

A second series of evangelistic meetings conducted at the Harbor Light Clark Street Outpost were attended by 607 persons, and 31 individuals accepted Christ as their Saviour.

Mrs. Anderson was accompanied by Mrs. Gunda Gelder for the latter services, and brought special music each night.

The WAR CRY for June 29, 1948

Capt. and Mrs. H. Orsborn Sojourn in Chicago

● CHICAGO, Ill.—While en route to an appointment in New Zealand, Capt. and Mrs. Howard Orsborn of London, England, recently spent a few days in Chicago during which time they attended several Army gatherings and the Captain was presented to members of the Chicago Rotary Club.

At Rotary, Capt. Orsborn, son



Capt. Orsborn

of General Albert Orsborn, International leader of The Salvation Army, was introduced by the club president, and it was recalled that his father had been the guest speaker at the club during his visit to Chicago for the Western Hemispheric Congress.

According to Col. Robert Hoggard, Chief Secretary, who accompanied the Captain, he was given a "great ovation."

On the Sunday of their visit, Capt. and Mrs. Orsborn, whose last appointment was on the staff of the International Training College, attended meetings at the Harbor Light Corps, where they were accompanied by Capt. Ron Rowland.

In the morning service, held for members of the converts' club only, the Captain brought a Scriptural message and Mrs. Orsborn spoke briefly.

The Captain also preached in the evening meeting, and, following his message, the altar was lined with men from Chicago's Skid Row.

Earlier in the service Capt. Orsborn sang a solo as he accompanied himself on the piano accordion, and played the piano for a cornet solo by Capt. Rowland.

On the following Tuesday evening the Captain brought a brief message during the first of a series of tent meetings conducted by Lt.-Col. H. Madsen for the Chicago No. 15 (Scandinavian) Corps.

The visiting officers, with little David Orsborn, also visited Army centers throughout the city, as well as Camp Wonderland at Camp Lake, Wis., and Army Lake, Wis.

They have since journeyed to San Francisco, Calif., from where they will sail to their new appointment.

The WAR CRY for September 11, 1948



CHICAGO HARBOR LIGHT DEDICATION

(See story on page 18)

1. Harbor Light converts who were enrolled as soldiers by Commissioner Marshall during dedication.

2. Capt. Tom Crocker, Lt.-Col. J. Marshall, the Commissioner, Dr. J. Harms, Mrs. C. Clark, Mrs. Commissioner Marshall, Mrs. Crocker.

3. Commissioner Marshall speaks to habitués of Chicago's Skid Row during great open-air meeting.

4. View of new Harbor Light Corps building with soldiers and converts proclaiming Gospel story during open-air meeting on Sunday night.

5. Capt. T. Crocker, corps officer, addresses the congregation that attended Sunday afternoon dedication.



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(See story on page 18)

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Michael Kilian

Drunks: We may elect to do something about them

SPRINGFIELD — Candidates everywhere this year are talking about taking away from the big federal government and giving it back to state government.

When you consider the idiocy of which a federal government is capable, this seems a good idea. When you consider the idiocy of which state government is capable, it does not seem such a good idea.

Consider the idiocy of the Illinois legislature. Two years ago, in a glorious tradition of world-saving good-doing, it passed a bill to decriminalize alcoholism.

No longer would winos, derelicts, washed advertising men, and other public drunks be treated as lawbreakers and have to suffer the indignity of being thrown in the slammer (where the winos, at least, had been able to get a decent night's sleep and a warm meal).

Instead, they would be treated as sick people. The police would still take them into custody but would turn them over to detoxification, rehabilitation, and other improvement.

The liberals cheered. Another gigantic step toward a perfect society.

The bill was signed into law but, because of assorted delays, it is not to take effect until July 1. That leaves six months for the dogooders to examine with care the fine point of this landmark public act.

They do they will answer the question to a question no one asked when the blow for betterment was landed on passage: If the police are not to throw drunks to jail, where are they to

Hospital emergency rooms? Yes, in their infinite wisdom, the drafters of this monument to mindlessness decided that the best place for all those spittle-be-decked sets is right there among the cardiac cases, emergency maternities, and bleeding automobile accident victims.

The next television series about hospitals may well be named "Drunk Tank."

Imagine such scenes as this:

Doctor: "Well, that takes care of the diabetic coma and the multiple gunshot, nurse. My God, this man looks terrible. What's he suffering from?"

Nurse: "Gin."

Or:

Doctor: "Nurse! Where's the missing alcohol? It was right here."

Nurse: "I'm sorry, doctor. That man with the beard took it. The nurse was there, standing on the desk. But it's all right, he's sharing it with the others."

Or:

Doctor: "Damn it, nurse! I'm trying to operate. What's all that noise in the corridor?"

Nurse: "It's just the detoxification patients, doctor. They're having a wheel chair race. Whoops, they're coming in here."

"Drunk Tank" would be No. 1 in the ratings in no time at all, especially if it starred, as it should, Woody Allen and Mel Brooks.

Some might respond to my comments by saying: "If we don't take the drunks to hospitals, where should we take them?"

One might respond to that by saying: "Almost anywhere else." In all fairness, if the state is going to forbid local communities to jail their drunks, the state ought to build its own drunk tanks and drying out facilities to take care of them. Or, it could make grants to the Salvation Army and other such agencies to expand their facilities.

In more fairness, the police ought to deposit one or two drunks on the doorsteps of the bill's sponsors and supporters.

And, one each on the doorsteps of all the members of the dogooder societies who applauded the measure, and on the doorsteps of the ivory towers of all the editorial writers who praised it.

Better yet, they might round up all the drunks and send them to the state legislature. They couldn't make things any worse.

Harbor Light Provides Lift for Down-and-Out

By MARJOE CREAMER

If a man hits bottom in life's struggle, it's easier to recover if there is a springboard at the deep end of the pit.

And the Salvation Army's Harbor Light Center, 26 S. Capitol, has been providing the bounce for fallen men for many years.

"There has to be someone at the bottom pushing up," said Lt. Col. T. Raymond Gabrielson, Indiana divisional commander of the army. More than 5000 transient men have used the Center's facilities.

"WE WORK for the glory of God and for the occasions when we can see a man re-established in life on a successful basis," said Gabrielson.

Capt. Homer Summitt Jr. is in charge of the Harbor Light Center.

His assistant, Envoy R. Lee Rock, recalls a success story which began there. He met a well-dressed man in a grocery store who introduced his wife and child and said his comeback could be traced directly to the Center.

"He was a good panhandler and had a pleasant personality," Rock remembered. "Then one day—he was about 30—he decided to straighten up. He had his old job back and a fine family."

Drinking is one of the forces which plunge a man into despair, Gabrielson said. One of his present counseling tasks is with a retired military man who began drinking "mostly because of lack of anything constructive to do after he got out of the service. He came in here one day and asked for something to do. We gave him a job in the kitchen," Gabrielson said.

The Harbor Light has two kitchens, one for transients and one for its Convert Club and staff members. Harbor Light provides 40 beds for transients and 100 beds for men who need low-cost housing.

THE CONVERT CLUB is a group of 15 to 20 men who work with the Center's staff trying to better their lot in life. The Center gets them jobs and counsels them.

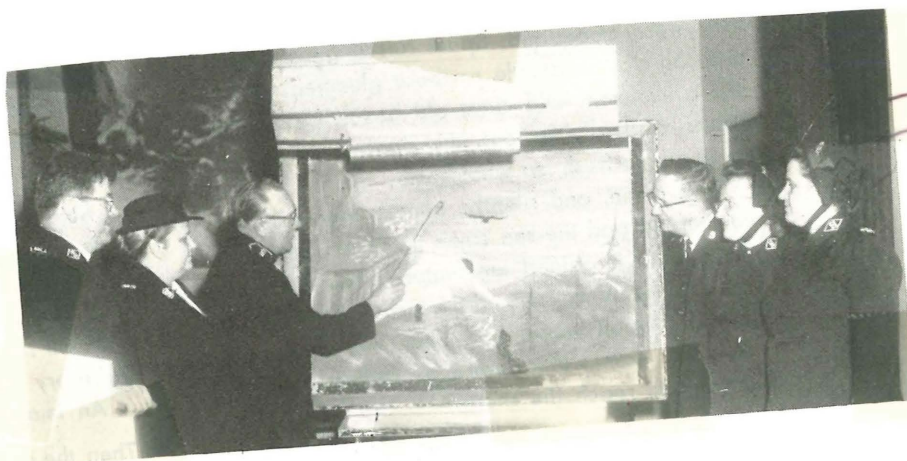
Rock recalls one young man who worked at the Center and then was drafted into the Army. On a leave several years later, he returned to the center, now a major with the adjutant general's staff.

"I just suddenly saw the light," is a typical comment of men who are rehabilitated.

Brigadier Herbert Hill met a former Center resident working as a druggist on the North Side who admitted to Hill, "I couldn't have done this a couple of years ago when I was at the Harbor Light."

And there was the well-dressed man who stopped Hill on the street and gave him \$5. The stranger explained that he had gotten drunk, given the Harbor Light folks a good story and stayed there for a night. Now he wanted to pay for the bed.

Salvation Army workers say the younger men have a better chance for rehabilitation, but the Center's philosophy is that it's not impossible for any man to change.



2. Louis Mulder of Gospel Ambassadors puts finishing touches on drawing used in one of services conducted by group at Chicago Harbor Light Center. Looking on are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith; Brigadier Roland Quinn, Harbor Light corps officer; Miss Sena Veltman; and Miss Henrietta Veltman. Gospel Ambassadors are Salvationists from Holland, Mich.

7/2/66